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Twenty-two Messages for You

Judith L. C. Garnett

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TWENTY-TWO MESSAGES FOR YOU

BY

JUDITH L. C. GARNETT

Author of "Sermons in Rhyme"

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

440 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MCMXVIII

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JULY 10, 1940

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MINE ENEMY!

But I say unto you, Love your enemies.—Matthew v, 44.
If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.—Romans xii, 20.
After this manner therefore pray ye.—Matthew vi, 9.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matthew vi, 12.
But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.—Matthew vi, 15.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  Shall men affront their God,—
His mighty plan of grace ignore,—
  And crush you as a clod?

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  How dare I do you harm?
Come, let me feed you from my store,—
  Protect you with my arm.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,—
  My steel against your breast!
And yet I dare to call on God,
  Dare pray for peace and rest!

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  How great the day would be

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If you and I, as true, bought[1] sons,
  The face of God might see.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  To each is granted this:
The power to choose the night of Hell,
  Or light of God, and bliss.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  Let us this text recall:
The Mill of God grinds steadily
  And with exactness—all!

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  By my soul's gift alone
May I attain my recompense —
  One reaps as he has sown.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  What brutish lust abounds!
It gluts the beast that knows not God
  But gloats on blood and wounds.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  These words are but too true:

[1] *For ye are bought with a price.—I Cor. vi, 20.*

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There is no God to save my soul,
  If I weep not for you.

Mine enemy, O mine enemy,
  Look on these signs of guilt:
A wasted world bedrenched with blood,
  A sword red to the hilt!

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FREEDOM!

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—St. John viii, 36.

The battle is on, O my Saviour,—
  Thy battle for those Thou wouldst free!
In the thick of the fray Thou wilt find me,
  Fighting ever in service of Thee.

The battle is on, O my Saviour!—
  In my heart is, deep-planted, Thy word;
And Thy glorified sword that I'm bearing
  May I plant in Thy foe's heart, dear Lord!

The battle is on, O my Saviour!
  In hordes come the hirelings of Hell;
Like a "brasen wall"[1] make me to front them,
  Which nor mortals nor demons can fell.

The battle is on, O my Saviour!—
  And though prison and scourging there be,
'Spite of taunts and the arch-fiend's own weapons,
  I shall ever rejoice and be free!

[1] *Jeremiah xv, 20.*

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Yes, free from the torment of trying
  Thy fair footstool, this world, to destroy,
Whereon the fiend's forces are fighting
  To wipe out Thy love, truth, and joy!

Free, too, from the curse that must echo
  From the wail of the widow that weeps
O'er the blight that the blood-lust has scattered
  Through the world where,—drugged, helpless,
    —Peace sleeps.

Free, too, from the hypocrite's burden,—
  He who still dares to call Thee his "Lord,"
Yet who blows on the devil's dread bugle
  And wields madly the devil's red sword!

Free from pharisaic transgression,—
  From condemning another's vile sin;
Meanwhile failing forever to fathom
  The depth of crime's blackness within!

Free,—free from the doom of the darkness
  Wherein Satan will fetter his own,
Where the lash of remorse e'er must scourge
    them—
  Ah, 'twill then be too late to atone!

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Free when Thy fight's over, my Saviour,
  To wear glory's crown evermore,—
After earth by fierce fires has been melted
  And no more shall there be sea nor shore.

The battle will end, O my Saviour,
  Wherein myriads have striven and died,—
They that served the foul fiend will be wailing,
  They that fought for Thee, Lord, glorified.

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THE ONLY CURE

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—St. John xii, 32.

A reprobate world has harnessed
  Her beasts with silver and gold.
Afar from the war-drums' rattle
  Hearts are bleeding with wounds untold,—

Bleed both for the stained sword's victims,
  And the slayers on sea and shore;
For Hate is the god both worship—
  Ah, how long will that power endure?

Not long! O'er war's din and death-rattle
  Resounds the Redeemer's voice,
And many a slaughtering soldier's soul
  In this message will rejoice:

"From my throne I descended to succor
  Mankind from fettering Hate;
To teach that by Peace's pathway
  Alone may one reach Heaven's gate.

"To find for you, Brothers, freedom,
  As man I suffered,—I died;

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Yet the war-lord would be triumphant—
  Was for this Christ crucified?

"Out of the depths of bloodshed,
  O Men, look unto me!
Rise from the war-lust's bondage.
  My love shall set you free.

"Have you ceased to remember, my Brothers,
  That I am the Prince of Peace?
Yea; but by faith in my mission
  Will all strife and discord cease."

But with blaspheming, pseudo-praying
  The hell-bought guides the sword
Of a world a-drunk with hatred;
  And "Hate on, Men!" is the word.

Yet, hark! In death's hour, my Brothers,
  Comes the voice of the Prince of Peace:
"Ye must walk in my way. Thus only
  Will all strife and discord cease."

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REMORSE!

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians vi, 7.

And in hell he lifted up his voice, being in torments.—Luke xvi, 23.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
When the day for your choice is done,
When the prize that was sought by your infamous soul
Has been,—for all eternity,—won.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
Yes; that endless anguish to bear
For the guilt that nor silver nor gold may redeem,
Nor the glory of conquest repair.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
When you crouch in the Devil's lair
After walking earth's way with the mien of a saint
And the hypocrite's profaning prayer.

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Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
When you chafe in the Devil's chains,
Which no sword may sever nor scheming unbind,—
Nor riches, nor all earth's gains.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
For the sins that you wantonly sow
In the carnage that clogs the red, martyred earth,—
In the tears that unceasingly flow!

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
When you think of the orphans' cry,
Of the widows' wail, of the curse of the hosts
As they penned in the trenches lie.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
For the ruin that you have wrought
To the sacred shrines that now crumbling lie,—
To the homes you have turned to naught!

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
While the Devil will smile and preach,

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You will hear but the moans of massacred men,
Cannon's roar, and the rifle's screech.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
Vainly respite will you implore
Through the eons, while earth is melting away
And the sea rests, parched, on the shore!

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THE KING OF FOOLS

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—Psalms xiv, 1.

O God of love and might,
  A blind fool comes to Thee,—
Through the black night of sin,
  Tossed on a shoreless sea!

Oh, pity, Lord, this fool,—
  What patience Thine must be!—
Who, though he sees and hears,
  Will neither hear nor see!

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TOO LATE!

And the door was shut.—St. Matthew xxv, 10.

On that grim portal where, sword drawn,
A black-robed sentry stands,—
To whose strong bars steel is as air,
Or straw, or gauzy bands,—
Where vainly Love sheds her sad tears
And Hate strikes with mailed hands;

Yea; on that door that mocks Love's strength,
And, too, the strength of Hate,
Is writ in blood and tears the name
That all men imprecate,
While you, in outer darkness, cry:
"Too late! too late! too late!"

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CONSCRIPTED

That the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared.—Job xxxiv, 30.

I thought the word was "Freedom!"
  What slave will change with me,—
For torture, hell, the trenches,—
  For torture, hell, the sea?

I thought the word was "Freedom!"
  What fiend will scorn to laugh,
To see the cup that I, while gagged,
  Must firmly hold and quaff?

I thought the word was "Freedom!"
  I see that freedom now
Is but the iron hand, the arm,
  That brands my suffering brow.

I thought the word was "Freedom!"
  The "Kings" are fat and free;
But I must bear their guilt,—the hell
  They heap on land and sea!

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A MERE MAN

Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are.—James v, 17.

Oh, somewhere a mere man will pray God to-
day!—
"There is nothing so strange about that," you
will say.
But hear you and heed you the truth of it all:
While the stars stay and shine, when they break
and they fall,
Great things may transpire on the land and the
sea
Because of that prayer, whatever it be,—
Great things may transpire at the home, at the
mart,
Because of the vision that filled that man's
heart.
Perhaps there may fall through the unheeding
air
Some jewel for me, brought by that mere man's
prayer;
That prayer may uplift from the soil and the
sod
Your heart and your life to the likeness of God!

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So, will you not kneel at the Great Throne to-
day,
Where the Almighty hearkens when a mere man
shall pray?

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ALL TEACHERS, AND WHAT DO YOU TEACH?

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—Romans xiv, 7.

What do you teach as the days go by,
As the hours pass and the moments fly?
As sure as you live, as sure as you'll die,
There's something you teach as the days go by.

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JUDAS

And Judas Iscariot went unto the chief priests, to betray him.—St. Mark xiv, 10.

Not alone by greed of silver, nor for glint of gold
Doth the world betray the Master, torture, crucify,—
Nay; the ways of treachery are secret, manifold:—
"Lord, is it I?"

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FAITHFULNESS

Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.—St. Matthew xxv, 23.

Perhaps "in a house by the side of the road
  Where the race of men go by";
Perhaps in a tent in the wild of the woods
  Where the trees throng thick and high;

Perhaps my strength at the brink of the grave,
  Where an old man leans for rest;
Perhaps my care for a child from the slums,
  To be fed and clothed and blest;

Perhaps my tears to flow and fall
  For the outcast woman's need;
Perhaps my hands to knead and break
  The loaf for the starved tramp's need,—

But, wherever I be, whatever I do,
  Lord, let it be my best!
"Faithful over a few things,"—
  My guerdon, Thy joy and rest.

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THE WISE MAN'S ANSWER

For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—St. Mark viii, 36.

Said the Devil: "See my vast hosts,—
  See my flaming flags unfurled!
Come, Man, now join my cohorts,
  And you may have the world."

Said the Wise Man to the Devil:
  "Here I do not long delay,—
I prefer my joys up yonder,
  Where I shall go to stay!"

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IN A GLASS HOUSE

Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye.
—St. Luke vi, 42.

Said the Man of Mars to those who marched on
land or sailed the sea:
"I shudder for your dangers, wherever you may
be.
I warn you that the sky of doom will crack, will
break, will fall;
I compassionate your ignorance, I will free you
from its thrall.
I long to liberate you; for your good I fairly
thirst!
I must snatch you from your perils,—but my
war must kill you first.

"I must bind you for my service; on your soul
must be a curse;
There are others who have suffered, but I'll make
you suffer worse.
The world is full of war-fiends, on the land and
on the sea;
They would bind you hand and foot but for my
great care,—and Me!

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"Wisely I behold your dangers, and I trap you, run or stand;
I have marked you for the bullet, whether on the sea or land.
I have stirred a big man's ire, and I'll make him madder yet;
So your flesh must fill the breaches,—*that* you never must forget.
My mission is to snatch the world from perils that ensnare,
By dragging you through seas of blood, through flame, and battle's blare;
My business is to torture you till all earth's slaves shall see
How precious is our freedom,—how grand our liberty!"

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WHAT NEXT?

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.—Genesis i, 5.

Now you shall not ever mention
  The time, or night or day,
Though thou hast some foe to fly
  Or a troth that bids thee stay.

Old Father Time must stay his scythe
  And rest his flowing sand;
Or he will lose an hour of life,
  Whether on the sea or land.

The evening star, the morning star,
  The sun, the moon, the tide,—
All mark the hour just as of old,
  Nor have they ever lied.

At twelve o'clock the shadow true
  That falls upon the way
Proclaims to all who care to look
  The hour of the day.

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"At five o'clock in the morning"—five!—
  "The birds begin to sing";
But you must not allow your clock
  To dare say such a thing!

You must gag the wind and blind the sun
  And still the king-fowl's crow,—
You must suppress the living truth
  Wherever you may go.

The hour that once was is a thing
  That you must scorn and mock;
For you are bid to live and die
  By an outraged, perjured clock!

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THE WAIL OF THE SUFFRAGIST

Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.—Proverbs xiv, 1.

I have found that nothing has e'er been done
right,
So I'll now boss the world with the whole of my
might;
For man is but like a poor sheep or a goat,—
So his troublesome loads I must now, perforce,
tote;
I must make him work harder, must spend all his
gold;
But he shan't say a word other than he is told;
And if he'll be good, if he'll answer my rote,
He may go to the polls, and I'll teach him to
vote.
God's plan and instructions are nothing to me,—
I must sweep off the earth, I must wipe up the
sea!
If the "head of the house" is naught but a mere
man,
I shall mash his sap-head with a hot frying-pan!
Having altered the times and the vows of a bride,
I must now change the sea and the wind and the
tide.

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THE WORLD'S ANSWER

Not as the world giveth give I unto you.
—St. John xiv, 27.

Two men did wander
  By land and by sea,
When one said: "I'm dying;
  Oh, woe—woe is me!

"What happiness is there,
  Where'er one may be,
For a man who is dying,
  Be he bondman or free?"

And the other one said:
  "I live,—that is my plight!
I need a great friend
  Both by day and by night.

"My doom is to live,
  And I fain would live right.
Yes; to live, not be dead,—
  Therein lies my plight."

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And the World lightly answered
  Their word and their gaze,
As she hurried along
  In the mad dance's maze:

"I commend you to somewhere
  Of torment and blaze!—
Look! This dance that I dance
  Is the very last craze!"

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BUT WHAT DOES GOD SAY?

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.
—St. John v, 39.

Saviour, the nation is blazing the way
To the bottomless pit with what the worms[1] say,—
Worms that slink in the darkness, that flee[2] swift to hell;
For they deal in the chattels that all devils sell:
Mr. A. A. says this, Mrs. B. B. says that
And they barter the race "at the toss of a hat."
Saviour, in might and in mercy to-day
Call all straying souls back from this blasphemous way!

[1] *Job xxv, 5, 6.*
[2] *Proverbs xxviii, 1.*

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CAIN

And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood calleth to me from the ground.—Genesis iv, 10.

O red stain on my honor!
  Ne'er can I cleanse this hand,—
Not though I wash with all the seas
  That lave the war-racked strand.

And though I flee o'er ocean,
  Though I flee through the land,
The burning brand still sears my brow,
  My guilt still gripes my hand;

And earth's mouth, red and grisly,
  Cries out on every hand:
"Too late, O contrite murderer!
  Thy sin for aye shall stand."

In all God's earth no refuge!—
  Hark, men, to His command:
"Thou shalt not kill!" and heed it, too,
  Or ever bear Cain's brand.

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TRIUMPH

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines.—Habakkuk ii, 17.

Enough for me, when you shall fold my tired
hands at last,—
When all the toil is over, and all the dreams are
past,—
If God, in all His heavenly love, shall generously
say:
"She hath done everything she could in her own
woman's way.
She hath in mercy folded a dying man's weak
hands;
She hath brought the spell of comfort where a
little cradle stands;
She let in a gleam of sunshine when everything
was gloom;
She hath held fast unto the faith at cradle and
at tomb;
She hath unclosed in mercy some captive sinner's
bands,—
Now give to her the recompense she hath won
with her hands."

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Enough for me, then, that will be, although the
toil was hard;
Although I found no spire of bloom upon the
cold, brown sward,—
Enough for me, too, that will be, although my
ship went down
Where all the chosen of the world might cast
their jeer and frown;
Enough for me, e'en though I bore nor fruit nor
fragrant bloom,
If I held fast unto the faith at cradle and at
tomb!

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JOSIAH A.

And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth.—St. Luke xii, 15.

Josiah A. is a great grandee,—
Rich and famous both is he,—
But once he was a barefoot boy,
And that was the time of all his joy.
All the bounties of earth he has bought or hired,
But Josiah's heart is aching and tired.
He would give his all for that poor boy's zest
For a stick of the candy he liked the best;
For that boy's zest, when the sun rose high,
For the dreams he'd call up as his task he'd ply;
And that barefoot's zest, when the sun went down,
For a can of milk and a corn-cake brown;
And that glad boy's thought that the sunbeam and star
Are the true men's meed, wherever they are!

Ah, the tricks of the mart that wither and scar,
Instead of the sunbeam, instead of the star!

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The shine of the vault filled with glittering gold,
Instead of that boy's wondrous fortune untold!
For out of the wreck of the poor who went down
Have risen his feasting and his world-renown.
O Josiah A., with your gold and your fame,
I feel for your poverty, darkness, and shame!

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WHILE YOU LOITER

I must be about my Father's business.—St. Luke ii, 49.

Said the Devil to the Young Man:
"Go a little way with me;
I will show you life upon the land,—
Upon the Sea."

Said the Young Man to the Devil:
"I'll go but a little way,
For a higher duty tells me
Not to stay."

Mocked the Devil at the Young Man:
"While you've idly loitered nigh,
Someone's bound you fast in fetters:—
It is I!"

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"AND THEN THERE CAME A STILL SMALL VOICE"

Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.—Zechariah iv, 6.

The great giant Love was "stark, stone dead";
So both the soldiers and surgeons said;
The great giant Love lay on the ground,
And he would not stir, and he made no sound.
Then sadly the spokesman shook his head:
"He is devil-drugged! Sirs, the giant is dead."
'Twas known that no foeman could dare to wreak harm
'Gainst the beat of his heart, 'gainst the strength of his arm;—
But fierce battles raged on the sea and the land
While the giant lay there, with a still, lifeless hand.
And Grief, unrestrained, wantoned on sea and wild,
Striking madly each man,—every woman and child.
Woe lavished her tears till she could weep no more,

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Then went, seeking surcease, through a world
drenched with gore.
On raged the red battles, till dead piled deep—
deep;
While there lay the giant in his deathlike sleep
The wise men drew nigh with their learning and
skill;
But no response came from the heart, pulseless,
still.
The World ventured nigh, with her fair, painted
face,
And she offered him riches and gems and high
place;
And she sang to him there all her sweet siren
songs;
And she told of her wealth and her griefs and
her wrongs;
And she prayed for her life and her greatness at
stake,
But not all her pleas could the great giant wake.
Then came the White Dove,—head bowed on her
breast,—
Speaking softly the words that the Dove loveth
best;
And the giant awoke, full of happy surprise,
To exultantly look into her pleading eyes.

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